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Battery Life

by silver gambit (ayunda)

Summary

Reflet never imagined he'd spend Christmas Eve trapped in an airport waiting for his girlfriend to come home. Robin never imagined she'd spend Christmas Eve trapped in an airport with a hot foreign stranger she has no chance with.

Notes

(Everything is now revised as according to the FF version of this story.)

This is for the *Christmas 2014 Contest*, hosted by *Smash King24* from FanFiction.Net.

To clear things up, [M!Robin] will be referred to as Reflet and [F!Robin] will stay as Robin.

I Love You Honey, But

To be Plegian is to be late.

Or at least that's the excuse Reflect makes to himself as he stares at his cellphone for the fourth time today. The phone keeps ringing, but he's not in the mood to come up with excuses on why he only made it to the airport now or why he accidentally drove to the wrong side of Airport SSB from where he's supposed to pick her up at.

Her flight was supposed to be here by 5:30, right? The phone keeps ringing, and his heart beats faster the longer he waits. *Or was it five o'clock?*

For someone who brags about how good he is at strategy games, he sure screwed up his planning this time. The snow blowing outside already got his car stuck on the road once, and it froze him all over despite wearing his usual heavy coat. If he's late today of all days, he'll miss his girlfriend's arrival. And if he misses his girlfriend's arrival…

Airport security, please don't let her bring any weapons onboard.

After the sixth ring, he sucks in a breath and picks up the phone. "Hey, sweetie." Though he swears at himself in the inside because, gods, his voice cracked just then. A quick peek over the crowds of people with luggage passing by and *good, she's not here yet*. However, the carpet floors, white walls, and rounded windows surround him as if he's inside a fishbowl.

Maybe the gods do have their eyes on him.

"Sweetie?" she says. *"Why you call me— oh. You came to the airport late, didn't you?"*

Shit. "Okay, before you say anything, Chrom made me stay behind late and the snow slowed the drive on the way up—"

"It's okay," she says, and Reflet lets out a sigh. *"They made the flights delayed, so I'm still at Airport FE. They say may take more than six hours, but I try to get there soon."*

That means there's more time to prepare his surprise before she gets here. He fist pumps— "Yes!" —until he realises he said that aloud. "I mean, that's terrible. You got a place to stay at in the meantime?"

"You are lucky I'm not there already." But at least he hears her laughing at the other end of the line until she continues. *"The storm over here is really strong though, so I have to wait. No hotels, no taxis."*

Which means she can't hitch a ride to down here either.

The Gods bless. It's a sign.

Quick time check, 5:47. If he's lucky, he should have at least an hour to spare if he heads home now. No worries, he'll return to the airport before midnight. "Alright, call me as soon as you manage to get on a flight—"

"Wait, Reflet, I check the weather for Sakurai City. Is the storm really bad over there?"

"Ah, not too bad. Had a hard time getting across the bridge to the airport earlier, but it's nothing I can't…"

His voice drops. Looking out the window, three lines of taxies, cars, and vans fill up the icy roads. As snow continues to pound down on their cars, angry drivers shout and honk loud enough for the sounds to travel through the airport's twenty metres tall glass windows.

Reflet's shoulders slump at once, almost dropping the backpack he has on. "…Actually, I'll wait at the airport for you. How does that sound?"

"Are you sure? Do you drive your car? What about the parking fee?"

He lets out a nervous chuckle. "$3.50 every fifteen minutes, no big deal."

"No big—?" she groans. *"Does your phone have enough battery for the night? I may call later if something bad happens or if I leave for my flight."*

Reflet glances at the screen. "Yeah, like I said, no big—" Forty percent battery left. "How many hours did you say it'll be again?"

"Six hours. Reflet, it's— I will call when— wait, are— there? You are— I can't—"

Then her voice cuts off, forcing Reflet's phone to sound with a dial tone. The storm must be pretty strong on her side if the reception got bad enough to break the call.

He checks the time on his phone again. 5:55. Thirty-eight percent battery life. Man, he should've remembered to bring his charger. Plus if the storm keeps up, he may have to stay at the airport hotel overnight.

"Too bad, though," he mutters to himself. Sure, he'll get more time to prepare the Christmas party, but now that he thinks about it she might not make it in time to even enjoy it. Not only that, he may even stuck at the airport too for the next six, maybe nine hours. But he's willing to give up hope yet—she'll have that party some way or another.

He dials Chrom's number on his phone, waiting for Mister *"Yeah, let's have a party! A party would be a great idea if her flight makes it back on time!"* to pick up.

"Reflet?" He hears Chrom yawn at the other end of the line. *"What's taking you two lovebirds so long? Food's getting cold and everyone's already here."*

Reflet glances up at the status board above the check-in counters. "All the flights got delayed thanks to the storm, but Chrom, quick favour. I need you to bring my girlfriend's gifts to the airport."

"Wait, seriously? What about everyone else—"

"Get them to wait." Thirty-five percent battery life. "Just bring everything."

"We don't even have a car that can plow through the snow and we're in the middle of a freaking —"

"Just do it. I owe you one." Reflet closes the call.

Chrom better not bring any of his harem with him though.

Now first thing's first, either steal a charger from a store or from someone else. The entire airport's starting to fill with people anyway, especially by the check-in counters where the attendants have to deal with people complaining about flights possibly getting canceled. Contrary to popular belief, yes these flight company capitalists actually care if you die inside an airplane so they won't

have to pay holiday rates for damage fees.

Probably best to leave the area before the crowd builds up.

Another check of his phone.

ϟ [•••————] ϟ

Thirty-two percent battery life.

ϟ [•••————] ϟ

Barely enough juice to last an hour.

Robin sighs and shuts off her phone, ready to lean against a wall and sink to the floor.

Why did she just say everything's gonna be okay? Her cell's more than halfway from dying, her flight's been delayed for who knows how long, she lost any traces of cellphone reception, and she doesn't even know if she'll have to cancel the surprise present she prepared for the holidays if she doesn't make it back to Airport SSB on time.

Unlike Airport SSB's fishbowl design, Airport FE reminds Robin of a grid. The airport itself is shaped in a square, the floor tiles under her feet assemble like a giant navy cross on top of a white background, and the charging station by Gate 13 is a pole designed like a rook piece in chess.

Robin leans over the service counter, not wanting to face the entire lineup of people pushing behind her. "Do you know how long it'll take for the wifi to get back up?"

The service woman doesn't even bother looking up, only typing away at a computer that shouldn't even be working. "We have some guys fixing the service tower. The storm's calming down a bit, but it'll be at least an hour before we'll get the reception back."

"You're kidding me…" Robin sighs, leaving the counter as she checks her phone. 6:19. First the plane, then the cell reception, now the wifi. Late coming home, late to the party as always.

Gods be damned. Not even Plegians are this bad.

First thing on the list: find a plug to charge her phone. Simple enough. Probably should be at least a hundred outlets and a few charging stations in this airport.

But the moment she looks up from her phone, she finds herself blocked by a wall of loose luggage and panicked people.

A quick glance at the status board behind her, and she pales. It's not just her flight that's been delayed—every flight from 4:30–11:15 have [DELAYED] flashing in red beside their names. Robin shoves her way through toward the rows of seats by Gate 13 where her flight is supposed to be at. Even there, most seats have an accompanying butt to fill their spaces. All one hundred something seats full of business people, college students, or families with children on their cellphones either playing games or just checking their cellphones for no reason since even the Wifi is down.

Not that she's any better. She scans the area for the closest charging station, finding a blue pole with a round counter fifteen metres to her left—and how lucky is she! By some miracle, one of the five outlet spots are free too.

Dragging her bag over, she sets down her phone on the counter and digs in her purse for the

charger.

"That one is broken," a woman says.

But the woman's sharp Ylissen accent makes it hard to understand her words. Robin turns to the figure beside her, "Excuse me, say that again?" only to pause for a second to take in the sight: a young woman with a round face, smooth skin, full lips— *damn*—and eyes as stark blue as her sleek long hair. *Gods, she's gorgeous*.

Though looking down at her outfit though…*Oh whoa*…the woman's wearing a red and green Christmas sweater coupled with the blue leggings, a few too many colours for Robin's—or anybody's—taste.

"The holes you're trying to use."

Robin blinks and shakes her head, trying to strain her attention back on what she thinks the woman said. "Holes? What about holes?"

The woman groans. "I say the holes are broken. That one you want to use."

Robin snorts. The woman's Ylissen accent makes her sound more urgent than she means. Robin plugs in her charger anyway, but then she realises what the woman's trying to say the entire time —*oh man*—when her phone drops a battery percent instead of gaining one. Stealing a quick glance to her right, the woman's using the plug beside hers to charge her own phone.

"By any chance, could I borrow yours?"

"No, I still need it."

Excuse me? Maybe this woman isn't quite the beauty Robin had in mind. "I don't mean right now, but—"

"Forty-five minutes."

Twenty-nine percent battery.

Well, Robin can always go look for another outlet. Robin takes her bag and leaves the pole. The storm outside doesn't look as bad anymore compared to a few minutes ago, but the crowd pushing around almost makes her trip into the floor.

"Wait!" Robin hears the woman call for her. "You in purple coat, you forgot your charger!"

She turns around, spotting the Ugly Sweater Woman waving her way. Robin tries to push through the crowd to get back only for bags to block her path and people to push her back. The woman steps forward and tries to get as close to Robin as far as her charger cable extends.

"Just toss it," Robin says.

However, someone knocks the woman forward and the shove ends up pulling her charger out of the outlet in the process. The woman gasps, immediately turning around to replug it, but a tall man already steals her spot before she can get it back.

"Excuse me!" she says. "I was still using that!"

Though the man ignores her.

Robin can't help but smirk as she shoves her way through the crowd and stands next to the

woman, dropping a hand on her shoulder. "Tough luck, dear. I'd say use the other outlet, but that one's broken."

"Westerners." She starts muttering what Robin assumes are curses in the Ylissen language. Then the woman resorts to a sigh. "I still need to charge my phone."

Robin snorts. "Well so do I, but *somebody* didn't wanna share." She stands on her toes to try to find a spot, maybe by a corner or something, but she's too short and everyone's too tall, like she's trying to look over a dam made of strangers' heads.

"What about the washrooms?" the woman says.

"How could the washrooms have a—" Robin pauses. *Wait*. Sometimes they do. Usually inside, by the entrance hallway, or just outside that. She gleams. "Miss Christmas Sweater, you are perfection."

"Who is Miss Christmas Sweater? My name is Lucina."

"Name's Lucina? Great! Name's Robin." Robin grabs her arm. "Get your bags—let's go!"

Robin proceeds to charge her way through a forest of people and luggage bags, one hand dragging her own luggage bag and the other pulling Lucina. Maybe Robin should've left her behind—Lucina stumbling along like a sidekick school girl—but she doesn't care. It's the least she can do for Lucina for at least giving her the washroom idea.

As she pushes her way through the crowd, she wonders about how the storm is over at Airport SSB.

Hopefully not as bad as here.

But the night's only started.

I Can't Give You Any

The more people filling the airport, the warmer each square metre of space gets. Reflet starts fanning himself with his scarf before deciding to take it off altogether. Look at him, wearing four layers for nothing. Here he thought he'd get out of this glass incubator of an airport by now.

Every single shop he'd gone to so far had sold out of chargers. How is that even possible? Airport SSB has one of the largest airport shopping centres in the country, yet forty of its shops are sold out of electronics. Granted, maybe shopping the day before Christmas wasn't one of the best ideas he's had, but still.

The longer Reflet stays at Airport SSB, the more confused strangers he bumps into. A dome head man with a bunch of flower patch kids, blond brothers in green beanies. Gods, the more kids he sees, the more suspicious looks he gets from them. He swears one of these days, a kid's gonna pickpocket him and then what?

Yes, he gets it. His backpack has a giant stuffed teddy bear sticking out of the top. It's not him—it's for his girlfriend, he wants to say. The teddy bear reminds him of her too. Its soft fluff like the scarf she had on when he first showed her the best sight of Sakurai City from the Pokémon Tower. Its huge smile like the one she had when she guessed his birthday correctly. Its pointy, beady eyes sharp enough to stab through skin like the time she found out he pretended to call in sick for work to spend the day with her. But the kids' smirks and giggles don't help. He decides to ignore them and continues along.

Reflet has only one last shop to visit left, a convenience store with the words "Duty-Free" in lights spread across the top. The first second he enters, his eyes shift to the electronics rack in milliseconds. Right there, at the right corner end of the shop, the entire rack is empty except for—

He sucks in a breath. *There it is!* Only one charger left, and it's compatible for his phone too. He'd kiss the floor if the janitors weren't on strike because they don't get paid enough, but that's not his problem. No time to waste.

Reflet slips through people standing in the middle of the candy aisle looking at stuff on the shelves—but seriously, can they at least take their backpacks off when they do that because there's barely enough space to move as it is. Two people stand between him and the electronics rack, "Excuse me, sorry," but their pink jackets are so huge, Reflet gets stuck trying to slip past two pink gumballs compressing him from both sides.

One of the gumballs turn around. "Hey, watch it!"

"You watch it," Reflet grumbles to himself, but replies with a glare. "Excuse me."

However the moment Reflet turns back to the electronics rack, someone else has his hand on the charger.

Not just any stranger though. A pure bluehead dressed in a blue button-up shirt, blue jeans, blue bowl-cut hair—as if being blue is all a person needs to have people orgasm over him.

Definitely the type of guy he hopes his girlfriend never meets.

Reflet gives up being polite and shoves through the gumball people instead, earning two glares, but he stumbles toward the bluehead just as the guy takes the charger off the rack. "Wait!"

The bluehead stares down at him as Reflet steadies himself against a shelf.

"Are you getting that?" Reflet says, already feeling his heart pound against his chest.

The bluehead cocks his head, gaze narrowing. "Yes?"

"I'll pay you the exact price if you give it to me."

He shorts. "I'm not buying it for you."

Reflet shakes his head. "Not buying. Paying *you* to let *me* take it so I can buy it myself." But the bluehead only chuckles some more before walking toward the counter without an answer. Reflet follows— "Hey! Stop! Please! Come on!" —fighting the urge to rip his coat apart in the process.

In front of them, the cashier yawns, smacking his lips and scratching his moustache as he punches numbers into the cash register. Reflet in the meantime almost tears his hair out when the bluehead sets the charger down on the counter.

The cashier drawls, holding a hand out. "$22.40."

Just before the bluehead can pull change out of his pocket, Reflet holds a hand up. "Wait!" And he slams his other hand down on the counter, lifting up his palm to reveal a twenty dollar bill and some small change.

The cashier sighs. "Twenty-*two* forty."

"I have enough, hold on."

Reflet proceeds to digging his pocket. However, the bluehead pushes Reflet's money aside and puts down two twenty dollar bills. "I can pay for it myself," and he smiles a plastic celebrity smile that makes Reflet ready to plan a murder, "but thank you."

Where's Reflet's girlfriend's sword when he finally needs it?

The cashier huffs, taking the money and passing the bluehead his change. "Least your boyfriend here knows how to count."

Reflet blinks. "Huh? He's not my—"

"Next in line," the cashier calls, giving a short wave to a woman standing behind them. The bluehead proceeds to leave the shop, but Reflet rushes out before any chance of losing sight of him happens.

Just as they step out of the shop and into the rest of the airport's shopping area, Reflet grabs the bluehead's shoulder, prompting the guy to turn his head. Now that Reflet view a better of the man, he notices the bluehead's more effeminate features: his lithe figure, his smooth face, his sleek hair held back by a gold… *headband?*

Okay, maybe this guy won't be as big of a threat as other blueheads if Reflet's girlfriend ever meets him for whatever reason.

Time for plan B. Reflet stands up tall, feet steady on checkered floors. "I'll pay you double for the charger."

The bluehead turns back around and starts walking away.

Reflet follows pursuit, weaving through the crowd and maintaining at least a few feet of distance.

"Could I at least borrow it then?"

The bluehead scoffs. "How would I know you're not going to steal it?"

"You could watch me if you're that paranoid."

The bluehead stops and Reflet bumps into him, not having enough time to react. Then he turns around again, but this time stares down at Reflet. "Not to be rude, but why so desperate?"

"I'm not desperate. I just really need that charger." *Okay, maybe that does sound desperate*. "I'll do anything." The bluehead opens his mouth, but Reflet holds up a hand. "Except sexual services. I mean, you seem like a good-looking guy, but airport. Plus I got a girlfriend."

He steps back, raised brow, tilted head. "I didn't even—"

"Plus I can't offer more than double because I got parking to pay for and I didn't bring that much money with me today."

"But—"

"Look, I wouldn't be asking you if I hadn't searched every store and if my charger wasn't at home and if there wasn't this storm and if my phone dies before my girlfriend calls, it'll be worse than shopping on a Black Friday. There's a reason they call it Black Friday."

The bluehead sighs, rubbing his temple. "How much battery do you have left?"

Reflet checks his phone. "Twenty-seven percent."

The bluehead scratches the side of his head, and Reflet can't help but suck in a breath. A quick scan of the area and Reflet already sees a few women eyeing the bluehead as they pass by before giggling and whispering amongst themselves. Just had to be a bluehead. Why does he always get stuck with a bluehead? Fucking most arrogant, girlfriend-stealing people in the—

"Okay."

Reflet's eyes widen, drawing his attention back to the bluehead. "Seriously?"

He holds a finger up. "But…"

And there it is, always the but. Like how Chrom always leads in to get Robin to work as a slave.

"You must help me with last minute shopping."

Reflet laughs. "For who? Your boyfriend?"

The guy narrows his gaze. "My female friend."

"Oh." A second of silence passes and Reflet's mouth hangs agape. Soon he slaps his forehead, trying to cover for his sudden pause. "Shit, no, sorry, didn't mean to assume. I'll help, sure. It's hard shopping for girls—I get it, yeah."

As smooth as a fake Santa beard.

Great job, Reflet. Great job.

"I would ask where you got the bear in your bag," the bluehead says while chuckling, "but my friend is too old for that."

Reflet starts stuttering, words choked out almost as incoherent babbles. "I-it's not even for me."

But the bluehead starts walking back toward the shopping area, not even turning around as he calls, "Come, let's go."

Just had to be a bluehead.

Reflet tries to fight off the urge to jump the guy and steal the charger instead. Today, he was supposed give his girlfriend with the best surprise ever. Today, he was supposed to prove to her he won't go broke by Christmas day by doing so.

Of course I get stuck with a bluehead. What did I do, Gods?

Today, they were finally supposed to spend time together.

What did I even do?

ϟ [••————] ϟ

Quick phone check:

Twenty-five percent battery life.

ϟ [••————] ϟ

Robin and Lucina head toward the closest women's washroom, passing by a couple shops flashing light up signs saying: "Last day for best deals on Christmas specials!" "Loosen your wallets, fill your bags!" "Cheap stuff made triple as expensive for the holidays!" Robin continues along until she notices Lucina stop and stare into the shops.

"No, you're don't," Robin says, grabbing her arm and dragging her away. "Focus."

After having to stop more than four times, they finally make it to the washrooms only find a line of women stretching from the entrance to around the corner. Yet the men waltz into their washroom without worrying about waiting.

"How come they can just piss and go?" Robin mumbles to herself, but she spots Lucina walking toward the men's and she scrambles over to her. "Wait, Lucina where are you going?"

Yet Lucina ignores her and instead approaches the first guy to come out of the men's washroom.

Robin doesn't catch what she says, but she notices Lucina making weird hand gestures, holding one hand up in an O shape while inserting two fingers through. The guy ends up blushing and shaking his head, looking as though stammering an answer before speed walking away as quickly as possible. Lucina walks back to Robin.

"What was that?" Robin says.

"No holes in the washroom—" she says until she stiffens. "Plugs, he say they are plugs."

Robin almost bursts out laughing, but keeps a hand over her mouth. "For sure, no plugs?" Robin says, rubbing her chin. If not the washroom, there's always the food court, but that area might be crowded too. Sure, they could ask the food vendors if they're nice enough to lend their outlets behind the counter, but for electricity they might charge the same price it'd take to get fat on their fast food. "Wanna try our luck at another Gate's charging station?"

"The gates have many people," Lucina says. "All taken."

"Shops? Restaurants?"

"What about plugs in middle of airport?"

"Charging stations, you mean? Maybe if we're lucky…" They can always try the closest one between Gates 13 and 12. Robin spots a long counter running against the wall, stretching ten metres with at least fifteen chairs and outlets—but every chair has a hunched figure sitting on it, either looking at their phones, typing on their laptops, or showing off butt cracks no one wants to see.

With the amount of time she'll have to wait, will she have to book another flight? Book a hotel night? The traffic outside is still too heavy for her to leave the airport, let alone with the storm making it worse. To think Robin had the Christmas and New Year weekend all planned out. Even planned a surprise present too. And now look where she's at.

Lucina taps her shoulder. "Look, someone's leaving."

Robin glances up from her phone and spots a guy at the fourth chair to the left in the middle stand up. Scanning the area around them, she catches another figure with blue spikes for hair and big white sneakers watching the same spot she is, one foot forward as if ready to run.

The moment the stranger takes his stuff off the counter, Lucina grabs Robin's arm— "Move!" —and the figure races to that spot too.

Lucina's shoes squeak with speed, leaving Robin to wonder where her energy was when Robin had dragged her around earlier. But the figure's faster, feet racing like a one man stampede. Even at their speed, they won't reach it in time.

Lucina quickens her pace. "Come on, we too slow!"

Then Robin comes up with an idea. Just as the figure is mere seconds away from reaching the chair first, Robin shoves Lucina forward. Lucina crashes into the figure and knocks him aside, leaving Robin to slam herself on the chair and grab the throne before the both of them can stand.

"Geez, lady," the blue spikes guy says. "I don't need you throwing yourself at me."

"I am very sorry," Lucina says. "Are you hurt?"

But the figure scoffs and brushes himself off, walking away without returning a glance at them.

Practically laughing now, Robin crosses her legs and stares Lucina down. "Nice work. The spot's ours now."

"You push me!"

Robin can't help, but tear up from laughing. *Gods, this woman's too good.* "I know, I'm sorry, but we wouldn't have beaten him otherwise, right?"

Lucina dusts herself off, picking her fallen bags off the ground and digs into her purse's front pocket. Before Robin can see what she takes out, Lucina shoves Robin off the chair and plugs in her charger.

"Hey!" Robin glares and pushes herself back up. "I need to charge my phone."

"Me too," Lucina says, "but you are a stranger and you push me into a stranger. I never push strangers to strangers."

"Fine, fine." She rolls her eyes. "I'll wait."

Leaning against the counter, she checks her phone battery once more. Twenty percent. 7:41. No new messages or phone calls. Still no reception or wifi. So she's gonna have to spend Christmas Eve alone, huh? A quick peek over her shoulder and Robin notices Lucina following the same routine she did on her own phone. A battery check. Message check. Phone check.

"Waiting to hear from someone special?" Robin says, sticking her tongue out.

Lucina looks up for a second before her gaze drifts to the side—like a child who just got caught stealing. So cute. "My boyfriend. He is waiting for me at Sakurai City."

Robin gasps. "At Airport SSB? I'm going there too! What time was your flight?"

"2:40."

"Flying high on flight 420, yup. Same here!" Robin sighs. "I hope everything starts running again. I really wanna get back as soon as possible."

"I agree. Meeting, what did you say, someone special as well?"

Robin grins. "He's gonna pick me up there. We were supposed to spend the holidays together for once because wow, it's been what, a year and a half since we'd seen each other? Was planning to take him to Smash Stadium to see a matchup between Little Mac versus Ness as a surprise. He would've been so thrilled." Then her voice softens. "He's always talked about taking me to the games there one day… But then an internship came up, he's probably busy with his own work—or should be. Slacks off sometimes, but he's good at what he does. I wonder if he still thinks of me when he's off doing his own things and I'm chasing my dreams and…"

Robin glances back at Lucina, who's been sitting there wide-eyed the entire time.

"You okay, Lucina?"

She snaps out of her daze, holding a hand up to her cheek. "Yeah, it's okay. You just speak," adds a shaky chuckle, "faster than blue hedgehogs. My ear is a little slower, no worries."

"Blue… hedgehogs." Did Robin even hear that right or was Lucina's accent mixing her up again?

"Too many people like blue. Anyway," Lucina smiles, waving it off, "it's okay. Continue. It sounds very nice. My boyfriend speaks about Smash Stadium many times."

Scratching her head, Robin laughs. "I don't actually have the tickets quite yet, but he was gonna drive me to a place to pick it up. I had thought of how to surprise him and everything, maybe doing it there as we get the tickets together—but it looks like I might have to cancel it since it's not like I can," she snaps her fingers, "stop a storm or magically teleport, so it looks like he's not getting a surprise this year."

Gotta cancel the tickets before eight-thirty too. Glance down at her phone for a millisecond.

Less than forty-five minutes left.

"But you are still very nice." Lucina sighs. "I don't know what to do for my boyfriend. He is annoying to me sometimes, but he's so nice and I want to do something nice for him too."

Robin tries to hold back the smile creeping up on her face by biting her lips and clenching her fists, but *just the way she's trying so hard, ahh!*

"If you want," Robin says, "I can help you find something here to give him."

Lucina's eyes glimmer and Robin can't help but feel the urge to hug her too. "Really? You seem so good at this. Do you have any ideas I can borrow?"

"Tell me about your boyfriend first and I should be able to come up with an idea or two."

Lucina adds in a smile and it practically sparkles. Robin chuckles. Maybe the holiday season must be getting to her. Better than wasting time at the airport waiting around for nature to stop the storm —considering nature already screws with them once a month every month.

And then Robin holds a finger up. "But I'll only help you if you let me charge my stuff first."

Lucina answers with a scowl, but complies, unplugging her charger.

Though to be honest, Robin sometimes wishes someone took the time to prepare a surprise for her too—not that she'll ever admit that aloud. Not even to her "special someone."

Well, at least she has now someone to waste away Christmas Eve with.

Fucks in the World

The bluehead finally introduces himself as Marth after Reflet had to follow him from shop to shop for the past half hour, but right now, Reflet's head is on the verge of imploding. Chrom hasn't sent a word yet, his girlfriend's still missing in action, and he keeps crashing into strangers because he keeps staring at his phone the entire time.

Nineteen percent, nineteen percent, nineteen percent— shit, eighteen percent, eighteen percent—

"Staring at the screen for too long is not good for you," Marth says.

"Shopping the day before Christmas isn't good for you either." Reflet starts listing off stores with his fingers. "We've gone through a jewellery shop, a perfume shop, and a lingerie shop. I don't think we're gonna find a sex shop at this rate."

Marth pauses for a moment. "Or you could find someone else to lend you a charger."

Then he continues forward and Reflet groans. If only this Marth guy had a strong Ylissen accent Reflet can make fun of— or was this guy Altean? Crimean? To be fair, all blueheads look the same to him, all under that same Bluasian flag.

And sure, Reflet might as well find someone else to borrow a charger from, but to be honest he has nothing better to do until Chrom or his girlfriend call—*if* they call. There are too many unknown variables thanks to the storm pushing all his plans back: how long his girlfriend's flight delay will be, how many cars got trapped in traffic by the storm, how far along Chrom's car is… Wonder how lonely Chrom can get without his harem around. Unless Chrom did bring them along.

Maybe that's what's taking him so long, Reflet thinks as he tries to stop any inappropriate images from forming in his head.

This time, Marth and Reflet enter into a shop where plastic luggage bags pile beside the entrance, travel pillows hang on hooks to the right, and postcards of Bros City featuring famous Smash Stadium fighters sit on spinning racks to their left. Reflet walks over to the postcards, pulling one of two champions from previous years posing in front of a podium: ex-champ Captain Falcon from three years ago being sat on by Samus Aran in her zero suit, ex-champ from two years, both wearing blue. Stupid blue suits. Must be made in Ylisse or something.

"What's your girlfriend like anyway?" Reflet says, looking through more cards. "Got any hobbies? Interests? Bucket lists?"

"Bucket lists?" Marth creeps up behind him, chuckling. "No buckets, but on her list, she would love for me to listen to what she says. She means well, but enjoys being in charge." He pulls out a couple of cards and snorts when he sees the images. "Don't think she'd want these, but she's always wanted to go to the Smash Stadium like it's a life goal of so. Been years since the last time I went though."

Reflet puts his set of cards back on the rack. "I've always wanted to go there too. Seen matches on TV since I was sixteen, but never in person. Dunno if my girlfriend's interested in that kind of stuff. Would be awesome if someone sprung up tickets for me though."

Reflet peeks over Marth who still has one postcard in his hands. Then his eyes widen, almost ripping the card out of Marth's hands to see it close up. On postcard features Marth himself on a

second place podium standing beside this year's champion Meta Knight, another blue body, who even on the first place stand is still at least a few feet shorter than Marth.

"Wait, you've fought in Smash Stadium? I've watched Smash Stadium matches for six years and I haven't seen you in any of them."

"That's because," Marth takes the card back and slides it behind a stack, "I haven't fought for eight years. Time speeds faster than my memories can keep up with."

Reflet follows Marth to a display of stuffed animals sitting near the back of the shop, but he can't help rubbing his chin and scrutinising Marth's features more. As if sensing his gaze, Marth looks back, opening his mouth as if to ask why.

Reflet cuts him off. "How old are you exactly?"

And in the meantime, Reflet searches for any signs of aging; bald spots, wrinkles, or five o'clock shadows. But Marth's skin looks smooth—a little too smooth. Either it's his girlfriend telling him to put on lotion or all blueheads have access to some sort of fountain of youth in their continent.

"In my culture," Marth's voice breaks Reflet's train of thought, "it's rude to ask for age. Though by western standards, I shouldn't be that old yet—late thirties? You Plegians appear your age though—early twenties, I assume? But aren't you a little old to have a Mister Buddy Bear sitting in your backpack? I only know because it matches the one in this shop."

Marth holds up a white teddy bear in a red Christmas sweater with green ribbon bow tie on its neck. Glancing behind his shoulder, Reflet feels his ears burn up as he stares the blue teddy bear with part of a heart sticking out from his bag. Reflet scowls. "It's a gift for my girlfriend—I told you already."

"Why's your bear blue when a holiday one suits the occasion?" Marth shoves the Christmas bear in Reflet's hands, tilting its head up till its beady eyes look ready to cast judgement on him. "Look, he likes you, young little fellow such as yourself."

Unless you like your men young too, bluehead. Reflet tries to smile, but grits his teeth instead. *Maybe the gods are also bluehead spawns too*. "She doesn't celebrate Christmas, but a friend told me I might as well get her something anyway since a party we were gonna have involves gifts."

"Ahh, is the friend the one you need to contact?"

Reflet nods. "Him, plus waiting to hear back from my girlfriend. She's stuck at Airport FE."

"My friend as well! Wouldn't it be hilariously coincidental if they meet each other the same way we have?" Marth laughs. "Then perhaps we'd be able to introduce each other."

Gods, no. Don't even. Have his girlfriend meet an ex-Smash Stadium champion? Better yet, have her meet another bluehead? She's dated plenty of blueheads in the past. It's lucky enough she chose Reflet this time after her last relationship—

Oh no. What if she elopes? What if she's met someone else during the time they've been apart?

What if blueheads were her type all along?

"Are you alright?" Marth says, placing the back of his hand in Reflet's forehead. "You went awfully pale for a moment."

Reflet slaps his hand away. "Just don't." But seeing Marth freeze up, Reflet groans and buries his

face in his palm. "Sorry, forget about that. Go pick a gift so I can borrow your charger, please."

"Ahh, your girlfriend must enjoy dealing with you." Marth takes the bear and walks toward the counter. "How do you say… 'Do not underpay your nannies?' They're the ones taking care of your babies."

"That supposed to mean you're my nanny now?"

Marth shrugs. "It's an expression from my country."

"Great. Here I thought you weren't fresh off the boat." *Gods, let this night be over already*.

Reflet ignores how Marth's face twitches for a second. Instead, his gaze drifts over to the hair section where small bottles of shampoo, conditioner, and boxes of blue hair dye sit along the shelf rows.

A Christmas gift for himself doesn't sound too bad.

He smirks.

Check the time—8:01.

Check the battery—he clicks his tongue. Ten percent battery life.

ϟ [•————————] ϟ

Definitely a great time to charge right about now.

ϟ [•••————————] ϟ

And thank goodness Lucina was nice enough to spare Robin those twenty-five minutes. Her phone's now up to twenty-six percent battery, just enough to last her maybe the next thirty minutes or more if she doesn't use it too much. Hopefully she'll be fine if Robin keeps her phone plugged in for a little longer.

"So what's your boy like?" Robin asks.

Lucina lets out a sigh. "Rich."

Robin nearly spat out. "R-rich?" Is she one of those trophy wife types? Robin's heard rumours of people coming in from different countries for green cards, but she never thought the first cute stranger she'd meet would end up as one.

"But it makes him too lazy," Lucina continues. "Skip school, skip work."

"So… you're not in it for the money?"

"The money is good—how do you say—it is 'secure'? At first I admire him because he must've work hard, but he spends like he is a prince…" She rubs her temples. "Ridiculous. Pays stuff for other people like I only pay half my ticket because he did. Buy gifts. Make me feel," she pauses, "useless, yah? Like foreign housemaid from Hyrule."

Robin chuckles. *Lucina sounds more like a mom than a girlfriend to me*. "That's so much like my guy. Need to remind him how to limit himself. Have you told him that?"

She shakes her head. "He does work hard, but only when he get something like a profit or—I don't know how you say."

"Something in it for him?"

"Yeah. But he is a good person. When he work, he does too much. Then other women see how nice he is and he is good at talking with people and it's hard for me to be at the same level."

So he's the manipulative, overboard type. Interesting. "Don't worry," Robin says, patting Lucina's back. "I'd say he should be more worried about other people trying to get with you than others pining after him. Even I wouldn't mind asking you out for one date, and we just met."

"You are too kind," Lucina says until her gaze sharpens into a glare, "but if you meet him and act funny, I will show you how Ylissens punish stealers."

Robin swallows, holding her hands up. "Don't worry. He's not even my type anyway." *Maybe Lucina's the manipulative one, damn.* In an effort to ease off the tension, Robin checks her phone to see how much battery she's gained—now at thirty-three percent. "Has the reception gotten any better for you?" Robin asks.

Lucina checks her own phone. "Not from what I can see— wait." She holds her screen closer to her face. "There's one bar."

"One bar?"

Robin stares closer at her screen now. In the left corner of the screen, it still says [No Data] where the name of her service provider should be, but beside it—

"My gods." Robin's eyes nearly jump out of their sockets. "There is a bar! They must've gotten the towers running again."

"Then the storm is calming down?"

"Maybe." She can't help but feel her grin beaming. "We might be able to get on our flights soon too. Ah, perhaps the gods smile upon us. Our luck is turning already."

Though unfortunately, Robin still has to cancel the Smash Stadium tickets, but at least she should be able to access her emails again. If calling isn't an option, there's always that.

Robin turns to Lucina. "I'm gonna let my guy know I'm alright. Your guy must be worried as well —wanna email him and let him know?"

She nods, letting Robin return to opening her emails up and writing her messages. However, the email syncing doesn't complete itself for the next ten seconds. Then fifteen. Then twenty.

"The wifi signal's no good," Robin mumbles to herself, biting her thumb nail. Check the clock. Twenty minutes left. Check the email. More like the world saying "fuck you" considering it's still trying to sync.

That is, until Lucina, Miss Miracle in an Ugly Christmas Sweater, speaks. "There is more signal bars if you closer toward the airport centre. Should we head over—"

"Yes!" Quickly wrapping her charger wire together and stuffing it back in her bag, Robin grabs both Lucina's and her bags, stampeding her way toward the signal. Lucina stumbles behind in her boots, but after seeing how fast Lucina ran earlier, Robin doesn't bother slowing down.

As Robin charges through the crowd, she holds up her phone to try to catch where the signal is strongest, not bothering to watch where she's going. She trips a kid, an old guy, and four Santa

Clauses because there are too many fake fat guys standing around asking for charity money.

Fifteen minutes left. Robin skids to a stop in the middle of the airport where she stands on top of a cross-shaped pattern in the floor. Robin scans left and right for a wifi signal box. Either it's close to a reception desk, a shop, or a security office full of people who pretend they know how to spot terrorists.

"Lucina, do you still have any—" But Robin cuts herself off. She sees Lucina hovering in front of the airport to stare at a shop with a "Christmas Special" sign out.

Robin sighs, but scans the area some more. The closest option in the area—*aha!*—by the reception desk.

Robin doesn't wait as she runs toward the reception counter. Ten minutes left. Battery drops to seventeen percent. Wow, she hasn't felt this much energy since the day she drank too much coffee and tripped on every crack in the sidewalk.

Nine minutes. The closer she gets, the more bars her phone gains. Two bars. Three bars. Before reaching the spot, she pulls up her email again and starts typing up a response to her ticket seller.

"Can't. Make. It. Today." She almost runs into another Santa, another fake fat man with a fake fat beard. Eight minutes left. "Fight delayed. Need to. Cancel tickets."

"Wait for me!" Lucina calls out. Seven minutes.

Four bars on the phone. "Thanks for the offer." Six minutes. "Sincerely, Robin."

And Robin crashes into the reception table just as she hits send. Her chin bashes the counter and her phone flies out of her hands, leaving her to wonder how many other times she's had this happen to her in the last year.

The moment her phone clatters on the floor, Robin flinches from the shock. Glance up, and a bug-eyed reception man leans back with his gaze glued to her. *No, I don't need any help today, sir.* But she lays flat on the counter, arms spread out and feeling too lazy to get them off.

The man picks up Robin's phone off the ground, hands it to her, and tips his green hat all while keeping the same frozen expression on his face.

"Thanks," she says despite her chin both burning and swelling up.

This was not how she wanted to spend Christmas Eve.

Lucina finally catches up to her, panting, and uses the counter to support her weight, feet wobbling. "Are you okay?"

Robin doesn't even need to glance over her shoulder to feel a hundred something other strangers' eyes focus on her pounding stomach and her aching chin. One peek at her phone:

Cracked case. Cracked screen. Right over where her email app is too.

"Could I borrow your phone, Lucina?"

Lucina doesn't argue, handing over her cell, but keeping a distance as if to not accidentally touch Robin. Sighing, Robin starts texting without even bothering to look at the screen.

Yup, today is a fantastic Christmas Eve.

About Your Low Self-Esteem

Reflet sets a box of blue hair dye on the cashier counter and wonders if he'll have to use his bank card to book a room at the airport's hotel for the night. Or if he has enough cash on hand to even pay for parking. Everything's always expensive during the holiday season. Except for sales on Black Friday. Man, forget about Boxing Day—Black Friday is murder season. Goddamn holiday rates.

"Explain why you think that is a good product to buy," Marth says. "I may be older, but I do not recall hair dye being a trendy gift to buy partners."

"It's not for her, but this stuff's finally gonna stop any competition against me."

"By competition, you mean…?"

"Any bastard who tries to S-support my girl."

"And your solution," Marth slows down his speaking as if Reflet is the foreigner and not him, "is by colouring your hair blue."

"Yup."

"You feel threatened… because your hair is not blue." Marth pats Reflet's back and leads him away from the sales counter. "My stranger friend, that is the stupidest thing I've heard in my lifetime."

"No, you don't understand. Blueheads have an advantage. They get all the women like blue's some lady's bait."

"Oh. Thank you, I guess—?"

"Not you," Reflet narrows his gaze as if to glare, but decides against it, "though you're pretty blue too—damn the gods. Fine." Reflet takes the blue hair dye and stomps back to the hair care aisle, slamming it back down on the shelf.

Then Reflet picks up a bottle of pink hair dye and hands it to Marth.

"Merry Christmas. Now go put this in your hair."

But Marth lets out a shaky chuckle, easing the bottle back down on the shelf. "I think you need to see someone about your issues. Be happy with your white hair. You have white man privilege."

Reflet sighs. "You know what? Go do your own shopping. Keep your charger. I'll ask someone else." Then he walks out of the store before Marth can form an answer. Gods, even talking to blueheads has his head throbbing with a mini migraine. All he wants to do is get out of there before he starts spewing out every single thing he has hates about bluehead guys.

So this is how he's gonna spend Christmas Eve. Alone and without a familiar face. The clock on his phone says 8:35, but he hopes the phone itself can at least last half an hour more. Too bad five percent battery life isn't enough to inspire optimism. Man, he can't wait for his girlfriend's plane to come.

She'd probably hate some of the thoughts that form in his head, but it's okay. *You're gonna get to spend time with her and life will be good again.* No thinking about how fun she must've had

during his time away from him. How fun those bluehead people are or how delicious their Bluasian fish is. How delicious he heard Bluasians taste to cannibals because of all that fish—

Gods, maybe he shouldn't have organised Chrom's Christmas party after all. Ike's gonna be there, Lucario and his animals, some others plus the Mario brothers and their entire extended Italian family— wait, how many did they invite again?

A minute later, his phone vibrates and reels him back to the present. He almost drops it, but catches it in time to look at the alert on the screen. *Could it be?* Entering the passcode, he notices a big red (1) alert beside his email app. He opens up, gasping when he sees who sent him a message and immediately reads the first few lines.

「 *Hey, sorry this took so long. Wifi just got back up and running, but what better way to get into the Christmas spirit than cracking my phone? Anyway, you doing okay over there? I missed you.* 」

Despite how happy he'd been about having extra prep time when he first heard about his girlfriend's flight delay, he can't help sighing in relief to finally hear back from her after waiting here for more than a couple hours. She sounds a little more cynical than usual though. Was she having a rough night too?

「 *Gods, you wouldn't believe the night I had so far. I'll tell you the rest of it when I finally get to see you, but let me say, I just met the cutest bluehead today—* 」

Reflet deletes the email without reading further.

Just as he is about to reevaluate what the basis of their entire relationship is, he receives a call from Chrom and picks it up.

"Finally!" Reflet says. Something else to distract his mind from everything. "Are you here yet? It's been a few hours already."

"Considering the snow didn't let any of our cars get out of the garage, we were lucky enough to be on the road right now."

We? "Where are you anyway?" Reflet walks over to the closest wall, leaning against it to brace himself up. "The airport's only a bridge away from your house."

"Yeah… We got stuck on the bridge. Most of the guys stayed back at the house, but Sheik and Wii came with me. Though…" A pause. *"Wii fell asleep at the wheel."*

"I didn't even know Wii's fit for driving." Of course Chrom brought a couple from his harem with him. Reflet sighs. "Did you at least bring the stuff?"

"*I guess? What'd you want us to bring anyway? Just your presents or everybody's? Though I think Lucario's dog ripped up a few earlier. Someone's duck doll, my sheath… Not sure if the other gift might've been yours though. Was it the small one with—?"*

His voice cuts off, leaving Reflet standing there on his own. "Chrom?" The line stays silent. "Chrom, ripped what?" But when Reflet looks at his phone, he finds himself staring a dead screen instead. Press all the buttons on its side and no response.

Battery life: zero percent.

They couldn't have ripped apart the gift for my girlfriend, did they?

A voice beside him cuts through his thoughts. "Your phone died."

Glance to his left and Reflet sees Marth against the wall, leaning over his shoulder to peek at his cellphone screen. Reflet rolls his eyes. "No, my phone decided it hates me too."

"Good for you. So you won't need it back," Marth takes Reflet's phone and stuffs it in his pocket before Reflet can protest, "until you explain what you have against me. We may have just met, but talking is good, and therapeutic consultation was part my Smash Stadium regimen a long time ago." He smiles. "You speak about your problems like a patient. I pretend to listen and give obvious solutions everybody already knows."

And this is supposed to be an ex-Smash Stadium champion. Reflet rubs his temple. If this is how he can make the night go by faster, or at least get Marth to stop bothering him, then so be it. "Have you seen some of you blueheads in action?"

"Blueheads? Like us with blue hair?"

"I got a friend, Chrom, bluehead just like you, on his way here with two women. Guy's got his own harem and I don't even know if I'm doing right with my own girlfriend. Surprise she didn't choose Chrom first, but then again, they have a weird history together…"

Marth tilts his head to the side, staring at Reflet like a confused child with a raised brow.

"Different unrelated story, you wouldn't understand." *Pretending to listen, check.* "Anyway, I know another guy name Ike. Spiky blue hair kind of guy. Add big muscles, tiny brain, and that's him. Yet ladies love him. My previous girlfriend included." More like his previous seven girlfriends plus the one female friend he had. "Long story short, a lot of my relationships ended because of him."

"Perhaps that's the fault of yourself for failing to recognise his superiority?"

Reflet glares. "How about you go date him and tell me for yourself?" The headband in Marth's hair will probably let him pass for a girl anyway—unless women like that sort of thing too. Judging by the ladies passing them, their side-glances and blushes say it's possible, damn it. "But I also have one more friend, Lucario. Gods, imagine what would happened if my current girlfriend ended up with him instead of me… though I guess that story would be shit since he'll just go on about it forever."

"Is he also blue?"

"Bluest blue."

"So you understand how stupid your statements sound."

Reflet groans. "'Correlation doesn't equal causation.' I know. Three people beat you to that conclusion already, current girlfriend included."

"Oh, I was going to say go with your blue hair dye plan, but you've spoken about your issues to your partner, fantastic!"

Wait, what? Reflet glances over to Marth, whom he finally notices had been carrying a plastic bag the entire time. Then Marth shoves the bag into Reflet's hands.

He stares at its contents, mouth opening and closing for a few seconds, before staring back at Marth. "You're joking." Inside the bag, Reflet finds two boxes full of hair dye. "Aren't these overkill?"

Marth shrugs. "It's your choice if you want blue hair—so long as your friends don't make B-support jokes. But your current hair's too white for your own good. Stop pretending to look older than me."

"Unless you're lying about your age and it turns out I am older." Reflet smirks. "She likes older men."

"I do not understand how that works, but I guess you'll have no qualms if she finds me more appealing than you."

Reflet scoffs. However, poking through the bag again, he pulls out the box of blue hair dye to check out the label. As for the second box of hair dye…

"This one isn't even blue."

"That one will be for myself," Marth says. "You gave me an idea for a Christmas surprise." Then Reflet watches Marth dig out a cable from his pocket and hold it out. "Get your phone working again. I'll assist with the dye."

But Reflet doesn't grab the charger right away, instead staring at Marth. "Why are you helping me?"

"Because it is almost Christmas. We are bound to spend money somehow." He shrugs. "Also might as well enjoy ourselves and possibly become friends in the process."

Okay, maybe Marth isn't so bad for a bluehead, or an old guy, as he thought. Reflet takes the charger and in exchange, he hands Marth the bag with the second box. "You sure now? Can't take this back, especially since that colour'll make you look stupider than me."

"Don't know why, but according to you, women will love me anyway."

Reflet snorts. "This a contest now? You're on, then."

Can't wait till she sees this.

"So on."

ϟ [————] ϟ

Time check—9:40

ϟ [••••••••••] ϟ

Once Robin's now cracked phone fully charged, Robin hands back Lucina's phone after quickly writing up a second email because she may have sent the first one to the wrong contact, but she'll explain to Lucina later. Since they may still have hours to kill, Robin suggests they start looking for new gift ideas—especially when Robin had to cancel her original plans.

Yet the entire time they browse store to store, Lucina keeps waltzing into clothing shops. At least rather than looking from outside the store like earlier, they finally enter some instead. Robin wishes she had Lucina's enthusiasm, the way she perks up when she pulls out some weird outfit combinations. A neon orange vest, rainbow pants, suspenders with spikes—are those supposed to be for her boyfriend? Poor guy.

"Why is the nicer clothes less expensive than the Christmas sale?" Lucina asks.

Robin forces a smile. *That's because those were probably leftovers from Halloween*. Lucina is cute, but Robin swears she'll make a trip to the shopping mall their first date together if she gets the chance.

"Must we need to buy gifts for Christmas?" Lucina continues. "I did not carry in my bag a lot of money."

"Not necessarily. Not sure how they do it where you're from, but we give gifts in the spirit of giving." Robin chuckles. "Though my coworkers try to one-up each other when getting expensive gifts for our boss to see who can get a promotion first."

"I never follow all this 'Christmas' holiday until I come to your country, but I come to study marketing." Lucina digs through more of the discount bin. "Big companies earn lots of money now. So smart. Sell you lights, big fat man in suit, expensive stuff you can buy in my country for only five cents. Everything here is made in my country."

Out of a whim, Robin picks up one of the Christmas sweaters on the rack. Sure enough, one peek at the tag and it says "Made in Ylisse." Not that a sweater can make up for those Smash Stadium tickets earlier—what could've been the best Christmas present ever.

"But my boyfriend always spend too much money to give me something," Lucna continues, "so I will give him something this year." She soon holds up a fleece unicorn onesie. "Is the outfit like this a good idea?"

"I don't know if your guy likes wearing unicorns or anything that colourful—" *Unless…* "Wait, did he get you that sweater?"

Lucina shakes her head. "Bought it for myself for five dollars. Cute, yes?"

Oh. So Lucina really does have… *unique* fashion tastes. "What does he like generally?"

"Books, sword fighting."

"Then get him something like that?"

"No space for books—waste of money and paper. And security take my sword when I try to bring it in my bag to this airport." She continues browsing through the discount rack, so engrossed by the selection of Halloween leftovers considering it's been two months already. "He likes Smash Stadium, but there's nothing here for it."

"Smash Stadium stuff's only found in Sakurai City." Robin taps Lucina's shoulder, who turns back to face her. "When we get back to Airport SSB, can I meet him? He's gonna love meeting a friend of mine, and I wouldn't mind talking all about Smash Stadium with him too."

"And you will not act weird, yes?"

Robin grins. "No need to be jealous. I know my boundaries." *Even though my sights are set elsewhere*.

"Well, I guess you have your own guy." Lucina sighs. "I want my boyfriend to be happy, be full of surprise, but everything here costs too much."

Robin chuckles. "You're shopping at an airport the night before Christmas. You won't find too many eye poppers *without* spending a lot of money." *Unless Lucina gets him a matching ugly Christmas sweater*. Robin stares at the snowman stitched to the back of Lucina's own red and green sweater. *Then good luck to him, honey.*

"So what should I do?" Lucina asks.

Robin finds herself glancing over to a crate full of Christmas bears—white fur, wearing mini sweaters and holding mini presents. She should probably think of a replacement gift in the meantime too. "Get him what you think he'll like. If not now, wait till Boxing Day for better sales. Your guy's a big boy—he can wait for his present till then."

Though now that she thinks about those Smash Stadium tickets again, maybe she's the one who would've been more excited to go than he would. What would be a good replacement gift then? Yes, she hasn't seen him in an entire year and a half ever since getting her internship. Plus he's been busy with his own work too, and sure, he supported her decision and they've kept in touch via emails and video chats, but would it be the same as before?

And man, imagine if he met someone new in their time apart—not that she wants to think about that possibility. Hopefully she didn't force him to go out of his way to pick her up, but now she'll have to find a better excuse to spend time with him than with Smash Stadium tickets.

"Hey," Lucina peeks in from under her face, making Robin realise she spaced out again. "Are you okay?"

"Y-yeah, don't worry. You found something?"

Lucina pulls up a green Christmas sweater with a giant reindeer in the front, grinning when she sees a 50% discount tag on it. If Lucina's boyfriend can handle that as a gift, Robin figures her own guy will be fine without a gift till Boxing Day.

Lucina goes over to the counter buys the sweater. Robin on the other hand stares back at the Christmas bears sitting in the crate. Button eyes sparkle under the light, calling out to her the way movies have voiceovers because no, even in movies she can't read teddy bear thoughts.

Buy me, it seems to say. *Buy my cheap fluffy self before the Boxing Day sale where I'm unwanted and half off.*

Robin shakes the voice out of her head. Maybe she's spent too much time with Lucina today. If only she was on the airplane right now to Sakurai City.

"You sure you're okay?" Lucina says when she returns, a plastic red bag hanging over her arm. "Maybe it's almost the time you go to sleep?"

"Probably." Speaking of which, time check: 10:06. Almost Christmas in a couple hours. Robin glances at the sweater sitting in Lucina's bag. "You must really miss your boyfriend, huh?"

Lucina nods, walking over to the crate of bears and picking one up. "It's been two months. I came here to visit my cousin, but now I must go back. I miss spending time with him."

After hearing that, she just really wants to hug Lucina right now. Robin bites her lip and grins instead. *So cute. What a lucky bastard.*

"The guy you want to meet," Lucina says, "what's he like? I tell you about mine already."

"My guy?" Robin strokes her chin. "He likes to tease a lot. We've known each other for a long time since we were kids. Maybe ten years?"

"You've been friends for long time?"

Robin laughs. "Sure, I guess. He's a few years older though. Too bad it's been a while since I last

saw him. I wonder how much he's changed since then…"

"You must really miss him too."

"Yeah…" Robin sighs, but immediately puts a smile back on. "He's not picky though, so he won't mind it I just give him an early New Years present instead. He'll definitely want to meet you though."

"I would not mind as well! Sounds fun." Lucina walks over to the cashier counter again despite just buying the sweater a few minutes ago. She then comes back holding with a white bear—a Christmas bear just like the ones in the crate. Robin's eyes widen as she looks back at the cash counter again. The shelf in front are lined with similar bears—save for one missing spot. Lucina hands it to Robin. "Is this what you want?"

Robin freezes, half stuttering half blushing like a kid who got a kiss or a chocolate heart as a gift. "Oh w-wow, I— wait, these aren't even on discount."

"I didn't pay for it yet." She holds out a hand. "Give me money and I can go buy it for yo."

"Ouch." Robin feigns pain by clutching her chest. "And here I thought it was a gift for me for making your Christmas Eve a little less lonely."

Lucina smirks. "That is how you westerners do it, not my family." But then she smiles again, eyes drifting to the side. "You remind me a lot of him."

Robin smirks. "Of who?" Lucina laughs instead, and Robin shrugs, flipping her hair. "I'm probably better though, right?"

Rather than answering, Lucina walks back to the cash counter to return the teddy bear and Robin follows. The moment she puts it down on the shelf, Robin notices a small bucket of mini Christmas bears sitting on the counter.

"Are we going?" Lucina says.

Robin shoos her off. "Go ahead first, I'll be with you in a couple minutes."

"Okay, our bags will be outside in my care."

Robin keeps her eyes on the mini bears as she hears Lucina's heels click away. Picking up the bear, it squishes like a cotton ball no bigger than the palm of her hand. Gods, some days like this, she finds it easier to pretend to be a guy; eat, sleep, walk around like a playboy on hunting season.

She gives the bear to the cashier in front of her and pays for it, asking for it to be wrapped in a small bag and tissue paper. Then once the cashier finishes, she grabs the bag and runs off, catching up to Lucina who'd been sitting on top of her luggage bag in front of the shop.

As soon as they walk away from the store, Robin notices how there's less people wandering about. In fact, there's now half the bodies standing around compared to a few hours ago, specks of people browsing shops here and there. Robin and Lucina drag their luggage bags back to Gate 13 again, finding a couple of empty corner seats close to the charging pole—the same one from several hours ago where they met.

"Lucina?"

Lucina leans back against her chair, looking at the bear on her lap. "Yes?"

Robin smiles, handing the gift bag over to Lucina. "Thanks for making tonight a little less boring."

"*Less* boring?" She uses a fake mocking tone as she takes the bag. "Why you call me boring—" but her voice drops when she looks down into the bag and unwraps the tissue paper. "Wait, you spend all your own money to get this for me?"

"Not all my money. I don't know how you do it where you're from, but that's my Christmas gift to you."

"Wow," she stares at the bear. "You pay over ten dollars, but my country can make it for fifty cents."

"Ouch. You wound me further," Robin says, clutching her chest again while adding a face with the grimace of pain. Then Robin pokes Lucina's shoulder. "And don't tell me to take it back. It's too late. Think of it as my own excuse to pretend I'm a nicer person than I actually am."

"Okay, but your country still owe my country a lot of money." She smiles, adding in a nod. "Thank you."

"Man, I know a bunch of people from your country, but you're the first money counter I've met." Robin sticks out her tongue, gaze shifting over to the plastic bag sitting on top of Lucina's luggage bag. "Miss 'I'm gonna get my boyfriend the most discounted sweater for Christmas…" Scouting across the airport over to where the other gates are, Robin notices people lined up entering out the doors toward their airplane. "Are the flights starting up again?"

"Are they?" Lucina whips her head around to their gate and Robin's gaze follows. By the desk, they watch an attendant speak on the phone while typing on the computer. On the large displays screens behind her, Robin sees some of the [DELAYED] statuses switch from red to a green [BOARDING].

Robin gasps. "Is it time to go already? Gods, let your guy know."

But she already pulls out her phone before Robin had said anything. "Reception's returned as well."

"Really?" Robin checks her cracked phone. There it is, in the top left corner of her screen—though only three bars instead of the full five, but that's okay. *When had they restored it?* She must've been too busy going around the airport with Lucina the whole time. But she can finally text again, and she starts immediately.

「 *Hey, you. Got my phone working again. Flight's starting up soon, finally, so see you in a few hours!* 」

"Robin, it's time to go."

Glance over to her left, and she sees Lucina stand up, watching people start lining up in front of the gate's door. Robin drags her bags over.

Finally.

And Your Money Management Issues

Chapter by tune4toons (ayunda)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After applying what the box said was cobalt-blue dye in his hair, Reflet waits for twenty minutes before he leans over the sink counter and washes the dried dye down the drain. Reflet laughs. “Are we even allowed to do this in public washrooms?”

From the mirror, he spots Marth shrugging as he wiped off the dye in his own hair—what’s now coloured neon pink to bury that stupid blue hair six feet down under. Gods be damned if they take this moment away from Reflet, and he reminds himself to snap a photo to show people later.

Reflet feels his phone buzz in his pocket, and after drying his hands he pulls it out and opens up the messages. Then he brings the phone closer to his face, rereading the message over and over again, muttering, “She’s on her way here.”

Marth’s phone also buzzes in his pocket and he jolts up. Reflet watches him carry a pink-smudged tissue in one gloved hand and his phone in the other, doing his best to not get dye on it.

As Marth scrolls through what Reflet assumes to be his messages, Reflet’s voice makes him jump again— “She’s on her way here!” —words echoing within the confined spaces of the airport washroom.

Marth takes a breath as if to settle himself. “My friend as well.”

"Hurry up, then. We gotta finish!"

Reflet and Marth had their bags set under the sink, and Reflet glances down at the blue teddy bear sitting in his backpack. So he won’t just have one gift with him; he’ll have two surprises—plus the one Chrom’s bringing over if that guy ever gets here. It’ll be okay, so Reflet tells himself. He’s done stupider things before.

A kid in a baseball cap strolls into the washroom, giving them sideway-glances as he walks into a stall. Catching the kid staring for too long, Reflet gives him the middle finger for fun, receiving a scowl from the kid in return. Yup, kids. The world’s greatest excuse to have sex until you realise you’re supposed to take care of those brats later on. But then at least you can ask them for money in the future when they’re old enough. The cycle of capitalism. How beautiful.

Not that he wants to think that far into the future yet. First step is to make sure everything goes well in— *how long is her flight supposed to take?* —two hours?

Marth then chuckles, catching Reflet’s attention as he looks up from the mirror. From the looks of it, Marth keeps staring at some image on his phone.

"What’d you get?" Reflet says.

Marth holds up his phone to show him the photo, so Reflet decides to walk over and take a closer look. In the image, one of two women is holding the phone up as they cuddle in a hug. The woman to the left smiles mid-laugh, sleek blue hair falling off her shoulders. To her right, a woman with silver twin ponytails grins beside her.

Reflet nearly chokes on his own spit. “That’s…!”

"Someone you know?" Marth says.

Reflet ignores the sound of the stall door and running sink behind him, taking Marth’s phone in his own hands and searching for the share button. “That’s my girlfriend. Who would’ve thought?” He sees Marth’s eyes widen. Reflet smirks. “She’s the gorgeous one beside your woman.”

Marth chuckles, though raises his brow. “Both are equally beautiful? Anyway, may I send a picture over to my friend as well? Should be amusing, seeing us with new hair.

"No no no, don’t send anything to her yet, but take a picture anyway." Reflet holds up the phone as far as he can, but Marth still has to bend down beside him to fit within the frame. "Let your girl get a piece of this awesomeness after we surprise them both, though send both of the pictures to me too, okay? Wouldn’t mind showing it off…"

But his voice dies down. Within the frame, he spots the baseball cap kid behind them reaching down and grabbing the teddy bear out of his backpack.

"Hey, kid?" Reflet turns around and walks slowly toward him. "Stop right there. Put that thing back where it came from."

But the kid flips his middle finger before he bursts out of the washroom.

"Gods, you little—" And Reflet races out the washroom too, stuffing Marth’s phone in his pocket. Why is it always either blueheads or fucking kids? Right when the countdown’s ticking down with less than two hours before his girlfriend falls in love with him again too.

Reflet stumbles into a clearing, searching left and right. Crowds of strangers stare back at the way he runs toward the fake trees, the trashcans, and the stand-up signs in the middle of the airport to search for that asshat kid. Marth runs up behind him, pink hair and all, dragging not only his bags, but Reflet’s bags too. Reflet would comment on how Marth could make a fabulous exotic Hyule maid if that baseball cap kid hadn’t been so great at being short and hard to find—

Until Reflet finally does spot him. Across the airport, a short figure in a striped shirt and red baseball hat runs toward the main arrival gate, slipping into a crowd where hundreds of people stand in anticipation to watch people return home—the same place where Reflet is supposed to meet his girlfriend too.

Reflet’s phone soon rings and he picks it up as he rushes toward the gate. “Hello?”

"Reflet, good news! The three of us made it to the airport!"

"Chrom? You’re here?" One of the few times Chrom actually came in at just the right time. "Perfect, can you guys meet me at the arrival gate? Looking for some smartass kid in a stripe shirt, baseball cap. If you see him, tell me."

"Why? Did you lose your girlfriend to a kid this time? Pfft goddamn, Reflet. A kid’s a better S-support than you?"

"Screw you. Just corner him by the railing." He shuts off the phone, letting out an exasperated sigh. He waves a hand at Marth. "Stay here or get us some seats or something."

Though Marth raises a brow to that. “I don’t recall becoming some side character—”

"Not now. Work with me." But Reflet doesn’t bother listening to his next protests, instead pushing

his way through the crowd. For a second, he spots a baseball hat hiding in front of a couple, but it disappears again. "Come on, kid. Game's over." Glance around again. "Nobody's in the mood for this."

When he finds himself stumbling into a pocket of empty space among the crowd, Reflet glances up at the status screen up on the wall, almost smiling when he sees his girlfriend's flight say [DEPARTED] in grey.

Despite hoping she arrives soon, he wishes her flight encounters a minor thunder storm or something just to delay her long enough for him to get her bear back.

To his left, he hears a kid yelp and Reflet continues to slip between people to find where his boice came from. Then he emerges out the crowd until he's by the rail separating those arriving to Airport SSB from those waiting for them. And sure enough by the railing, he sees Chrom locking a kid's arms apart, Wii inspecting a blue teddy bear on the floor, and Sheik leaning against the railing with her arms crossed.

"What the hell, perv?" the kid says. "Let go of me!"

"Unfortunately, a friend of mine wants you to stay still," Chrom says. "What'd you do?"

"Nothing! You're all freaking creeps, man!"

"You're too noisy," Sheik says.

Wii picks up the bear and waves it in front of the kid's face. "This doesn't look like yours. Did you steal it from our dear friend?"

"Yeah, he did," Reflet says as he approaches them. "Little smart ass, that's my girlfriend's." The moment he takes the bear off Wii's hands, he gets Chrom to let him go. "Might wanna leave before she finds out and brings the sword she uses to murder thieves with."

"What's wrong with you? If you want it so badly, keep your stupid toy!" The kid yanks his arm away and runs off.

Chrom looks at Reflet, but chokes from trying to hold back his laughter. "Wow, what happened to your hair?"

Sheik and Wii glance at him too, both going wide-eyed, though Wii leans in closer to touch it.

However, Reflet shoots a look toward Wii and she withdraws. He sighs. "Long story, but let's just say it's something I wanna try out."

"I tried to talk him out of it," a calmer voice says from behind.

"Who said you talked me out of it?" Reflet snorts. "You're the one who encouraged me."

The moment Chrom glances past Reflet's shoulder, his eyes nearly bulge out of his face, leaving him to stutter and shake as he points like a cartoon character.

"I-is that naturally pink?"

Marth stands beside Reflet, brushing the bangs off his face. "Your friend here suggested I try this colour. Apparently it seems to suit me, and I couldn't disagree more."

"Whoa, your hair," Sheik says, pushing herself up off the railing to inspect Marth. Usually it's Wii

who leaps in first, but instead she follows behind Sheik.

Chrom stands in place, skin pale enough for Reflet to guess his thoughts:

Goddamn pinkhead.

Reflet chuckles. “Just wait till you hear how my night went while you guys took your time.”

Chrom snaps his attention back. “Did you not see the storm out there? You owe me.” He shoves a small box covered in ripped wrapping paper into Reflet’s pocket before Reflet can protest. “Left the rest in the car, but barely managed to save this one from the dog. Either you take it with you next time or you play slave.”

Reflet smirks. “Already slave to my girl, not so much you.”

After Reflet introduces Marth to everyone, despite the girls still scrutinising each strand of his pink hair, Marth shows Reflet where he saved a couple of free seats. Reflet plops himself down and leans back against the chair. Marth takes the seat beside him.

The both of them glance over to the power trio where Wii is patting a sulking Chrom’s back, Sheik looking disinterested as she watches the sight.

"Your friends are interesting," Marth says.

Reflet snorts. “Watch when they get drunk like they will tonight. Then you’ll see how interesting they can get.”

"If by any chance I’m ever in the same room as a drunk you, please don’t stain my clothes with your tears."

"You’d love that, wouldn’t you?" Reflet probably could’ve thought of a better comeback, but he yawns instead. Quick time check: 11:20. Eighty percent battery. He smacks his lips. "Don’t make any moves on my girlfriend when she gets here."

"Still paranoid?"

"Shut it, pinkie."

Then he sighs, setting the teddy bear beside him as he closes his eyes.

Until Marth speaks again. “May I have my phone back?”

"Oh right." Reflet takes it out of his pocket and hands it over. "Sorry."

ϟ [••••••••—] ϟ

"Passengers, this is your captain speaking. We have arrived at Sakurai City, capital of capitalism and artificially rare amiibo manufacturing. Thank you for travelling with us. Have safe night and we hope you spend your money with us again."

ϟ [••••••-——] ϟ

Robin stretches as she waits for her luggage bags to run down the conveyer belt. Her gaze shifts over to Lucina’s purse where her bear sits in wait, ready to meet her guy like a nosy parent who enjoys creating confrontations. Beside Robin, Lucina herself stands stiff, staring down at the floor in a daze.

"Hey." Robin snaps her fingers in front of Lucina's face. "You okay?"

She nods a little too quickly. "I'm fine. I wonder if he wait too long for me."

Aww. Still as sweet as always. "If he waited this whole time, then that means he cares. Now come on, you promised to introduce him to me."

Lucina chuckles. The two of them grab their bags as they start following the crowd toward the exit. "I need to say first," she says, "that he can be a bit… frustrating sometimes, but he is kind."

"No worries." Robin winks. "I might be worse."

The two of them walk through the arrival gates and are immediately greeted by hundreds of eyes watching behind the railing to their left. Robin scans the area for any traces of a certain familiar face. She pulls out her phone, texting:

「 *Where you at?* 」

Too many faces, too many voices hugging and greeting their loved ones like they just came back from the Titanic. Beside her, Lucina's gaze also bounces about here and there, roaming for any sight of home.

Robin's phone buzzes in her hand. 「 *I see you. Walk farther up and watch for the middle row. Bring your friend too.* 」

Oh! Robin taps Lucina's shoulder and she flinches as if snapping out of a daze. "Come with me," Robin says, taking her hand. "How about I introduce you to someone first?"

Together they follows the text's instructions, walking further up as Robin keeps her eye on the second and third row of chairs closest to the railing. Just as she reaches the end of the railing, she sucks in a breath. There he is, her best friend, wearing the same buttoned blue dress shirt and dress pants he wore the last time she saw him a year ago. He catches her gaze and smiles, standing up from his seat and holding up a hand as if to wave, but gives a small salute instead.

Maybe nothing's changed between them after all.

However, Robin's mouth hangs agape, and she can't help but stare at his hair and the small specks of dye speckled on his collar. "Marth? What's with that ungodly pink?"

He chuckles, rubbing the back of his neck. "Merry Christmas?"

"Wait," Lucina gasps, letting go of her hand and taking a few steps forward, "that's…!"

She walks over to the sleeping figure resting in the last seat of the second row, giggling when she sees the teddy bear resting on his thigh and his arms sprawled on the armrests, ready to fall off. Lucina brushes the bangs of his forehead, only to hold a few strands between her fingers.

The man soon stirs, groaning as his lidded eyes flutter open.

Lucina leans down to his ear, voice barely audible enough for Robin to catch her words. "Your hair smells funny. Blue doesn't suit you."

He still looks dazed, head tilting sideways as he slurs, "Hngh?"

Then Lucina slaps his cheek a few times, jolting him awake with each hit. He jumps and nearly slips off his seat. Lucina chuckles. "Time to get up, Reflet."

"Lucina?" The man, Reflet, starts looking around frantically as if the building was shaking. "What, when, huh?"

She grins. “Do you not want to welcome me home? You seem so happy to hear of my flight was late before.” Despite appearing as if Reflet has no control over his body, Lucina envelops him in a hug. He hesitates to hug back—until it takes five more seconds for him to stop staring at the wall across the room and realise who she is. Then he tightens his grip on her, burying his face in her neck and whispering something in her ear.

Robin bursts out laughing, elbowing Marth. “Your text said you two boys made a bet with each other, but Lucina completely ignored you. Maybe it’s the pink hair.”

"It was his idea to change our hair to surprise you. Didn’t know you met with his girlfriend though."

"Yeah, what were the odds?" She sighs. "Honestly, she made the wait time way more fun than I thought it’d be. She’s adorable, but weird, just like you."

"Weird?" Marth scoffs, but makes no effort to hide his smile. "I thought you were my friend."

Robin grins, punching his shoulder this time as he elbows her back.

In the meantime, they watch a few people creep in behind Reflet—two women, one man—people Lucina also offer hugs to. After their greetings dies down, Reflet hands Lucina the blue teddy bear. Robin smirks when she still sees Lucina hanging on to the white teddy bear she gave her earlier, holding it up between her and her boyfriend, showing it to her boyfriend—

Yeah, that’s right, buddy. My bear’s better than yours.

Reflet scrambles to dig through his pockets until he pulls out a small box and opens it.

"I know you don’t celebrate Christmas, but—" He takes out a necklace from inside the box and walks behind Lucina, hanging it around Lucina’s neck.

Even Robin gasps. From what she can see, the pendent is a glass emblem shaped like a small shield. What a cheese head. Maybe Robin should’ve thought of something like that too.

Lucina holds up the pendent to get a closer look. Then she turns her head to where Reflet rests on her shoulder and pecks his cheek. “How much money did you spend today?”

Reflet pulls back immediately. “Gods, don’t ask—”

But she turns to face him. “How much?”

It’s not that Lucina is glaring, but the way her stare stabs Reflet and pins him in place like a sword… Even Robin stops breathing for a second. Damn.

Reflet lets out a shaky chuckle. “Hair stuff’s free, but there’s the bear, the necklace, stuff for Chrom’s party, parking—” The next second, he drops his smile, expression turning into one of grimace. “Oh shit, oh shit oh shit oh shit—”

Marth rolls his eyes at Robin. “He complains about blueheads, but dates one. Don’t think their relationship will last long.”

"Don’t say that," Robin says despite giggling herself. "Like you know anything about romance."

"Thank the gods I do not. Got tired enough listening to him complain about it all night."

"If that was bad, sorry about the times I did that." She sighs. "Honestly, though, if Lucina wasn't taken, I would've totally asked her out on a date."

"You still could if you wish, but what about me?" Marth chuckles. "Have I been replaced?"

She snorts. "Change your pink hair back first. Then we'll see." *Some things still haven't changed. That's good.* Robin turns toward Marth. Before he opens his mouth, Robin grabs him in a hug. "I missed you, asshole."

"It's only been a couple days," he says, earning him a light kick to his shin. "Hey!"

"It's been a year and a half," she mumbles in his shirt. "Didn't you miss me too?"

She lets go for a moment only for Marth to pull her back in. Her face buried in his dress shirt, Robin tilts her head up. Marth smiles. "It's gotten boring without you around. We are still best friends, no?"

Then she buries herself back in his shirt. "Sorry I couldn't get you a gift on time. Was gonna take you to see a Smash Stadium match, but had to cancel the tickets because of the flight delay."

"It's okay. I could take you another time." He plops his chin down on the top of her head. "Thank you for joining me for Christmas this year."

In the background, they can hear Lucina interrogating Reflet. "How much is your parking fee up to now, Reflet?"

"Shit shit shit—"

"I know is he's been stuck here a while too," Marth says as pulls up his phone before flipping the screen to let Robin see. 11:59. Fifty percent battery.

Robin snickers. "Go make fun of them or something."

"Why me?"

ϟ [•••••——] ϟ

"Because it sounds like you two had a fun Christmas Eve without me."

ϟ [••••••••—] ϟ

"How much is the parking fee at?" Lucina repeats.

Reflet glances down at the ground. "…probably $26 by now."

Chrom drops an arm around Reflet's shoulder from behind. "Give him some credit now, Lucina. This guy right here organised my entire Christmas party just for you. The guest list, the time, the supplies, your ticket too if I got that rght?"

Lucina sighs. "Just like you, Reflet. Do so much."

Leave it to Chrom to come ruin his rescue. Reflet shakes himself out of Chrom's grip, reaching over to cup both of Lucina's cheeks. "Hey, look at me." She glances up to meet his gaze. "You don't celebrate Christmas, I get it, but I'm a selfish bastard. I wanted you here for Christmas."

She chuckles, though she glances away. “You are very good for negotiating.”

"If you don’t get mad at me for spending money for you, I wouldn’t mind letting you be selfish for Christmas too."

The moment she smiles, Reflet can’t help but smile back. Before he can react, Lucina leans up to peck his cheek and whisper in his ear. “Your hair.”

His expression drops the next second. “Huh?”

"Return it back. Being bluehead makes your skin too white."

Reflet’s mouth hangs agape because damn, he knew there’s a reason why he liked her more than his past girlfriends. She slides away from his touch to grab a bag sitting on top of her luggage, leaving Reflet to wonder how else she’s gonna keep him on his toes.

Lucina returns only to shove the bag in his hands. “How do you say it? Merry Christmas?”

"You actually spent money," Reflet says, "to get me a gift? For real?"

"Am I really that awful?" Lucina says.

"No, just shocked is all." His chest lightens up until he shoves the tissue paper aside, finding a green sweater with a giant reindeer in the front. Oh… He looks at Lucina’s own sweater and then up at her face, the way her eyes grow like a girl scout trying to con people into buying cookies. Reflet smiles. "Thanks. I appreciate it."

"Really?"

"But I’m more glad—" Reflet pulls her into a hug and kisses her head, "—that you’re finally gonna spend Christmas with me this year."

"Ahem." Chrom clears his throat and Reflet turns his head to see Chrom, Sheik, and Wii all staring. Chrom taps his wrist despite the fact he’s not wearing a watch. "It’s 11:59. Hurry it up. Don’t forget our party too."

"Yes, don’t worry," Lucina says. "I want to go see the party too."

"Hey, blueheads!" Marth yells from across the airport. "Get a room!"

Reflet looks up to see Marth hugging the woman from the picture ten feet away, so Reflet sticks the middle finger at him. “Hey pinkie!” Reflet yells, twirling his finger to circle Marth and the woman together. “No one likes fucking hypocrites!”

Sure, today wasn’t Reflet’s ideal way of wasting away Christmas Eve, but of all people, Reflet’s glad to have wasted it away with him. He should thank him later.

Despite Marth still being a complete bastard.

But instead of Marth, it’s the woman who flips Reflet the middle finger back. Marth grins instead.

Oh, so that’s where Marth gets it from.

"Don’t forget to send me the pics from earlier!" Reflet adds. "And you owe me some Smash Stadium tickets too."

"How about introducing me?" Lucina says, tugging at his coat, but her mouth curls into a pout.

"Unless you had cheat on me with him. I do my best in my trip, but you like pink hair more than me?"

Wait, what? “No no no, it’s not what you think—”

But when her pout twists into a grin, Reflet sighs in relief as Lucina intertwines her fingers around his own. “You play with my accent, but I cannot use your dislike to blueheads? Come, allow me to introduce you to my new friend as well.”

Without protest, he allows Lucina to drag him toward Marth and his girl. Marth turns around when they catch up to him, and the giggling woman introduces herself as Robin.

Sure, Reflet groans at first, but why not? At least everyone’s enjoying the time together. Lucina’s smiling. Chrom keeps offering them invitations to the Christmas party. Not only that, it gives Wii and Sheik a chance to distract Marth from making any more snarky comments too.

Until Reflet notices Robin pulling moves on Lucina: giving compliments, teasing, hand touching. And Lucina doesn’t even turn towards Reflet when she laughs each time.

Lucina’s hands behind her back, Reflet spots both the white and blue teddy bears holding on to her finger tips, staring each other down as they hang squished against one another. Shifting his gaze to Robin, who catches his eye, she flashes an almost “Back off” glare before turning back to Lucina, twirling her ponytail and laughing as if she didn’t give him a death stare just then.

Reflet swallows, checking his phone to pretend he didn’t see that just now.

12:01. Seventy-seven percent battery life.

Maybe this wasn’t such a great idea after all.

Chapter End Notes

(Read all the chapter titles together hehe.) I had originally posted my entire story on here first rather than wait until the version on Fanfiction.Net is complete, but by now, both versions should match up by now. :)

Thanks for reading!

Also there were a couple "infamous SSB author" references. Anyone catch any? ;)

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!